

Good Morning 545

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



FAMILY GOSSIP FOR A.B. George Perryman

HERE'S a spot of news for you, A.B. George Thomas Perryman, from 99 Well Crooks Gardens, Eltham; in fact, all the home gossip in a few paragraphs and two pictures.

Dad was sitting by the window when we called catching the last rays of a fine afternoon after some weeks of steady rain.

He's been on leave for a week very busy fixing up a shed for the ducks and they've had to be evacuated to the end of the garden as they smell a trifle fowl!

Rusty says "How's daddy's boy been behaving himself?" and she reckons the only time the girls out east are safe is when "Dead Eye" is dipped a few fathoms!

"Pontius Pilate" married Stella some while ago and the bairn flowed right merrily—they have now settled down. Baby Gwennie married Frederick Clequin, a chap in the R.E.M.E., and she says married life suits her fine!

Sister Bessie expects Walter home for leave for Christmas and is highly delighted at the prospect.



They are dreaming of submariners, are Wendy and Barbara.

Pat reports "All's Well," A.B. William McGhee

WE called to see your girl friend, Miss Pat Bailey, at Mayday Hospital, Thornton Heath, A.B. William G. McGhee, and this she gave to your mother on her return.

She says she visits your mother every other day at No. 37, otherwise "Casey's Court," and reports that she is keeping fine and that both go up to London occasionally to cheer up Father Mac who gets rather homesick sometimes.

Ted in Italy is out in the front line again and is now very well. Jim, who volunteered for the Navy, has not yet been called up. Tom, otherwise "Chippie," is still, she says, spoiling perfectly good wood. She has met all your aunties and uncles and they were all very charming to her.

She is looking forward to your return so that you can go places together and look up some of your mutual friends, also to the pictures, which she enjoys much better in your company.

She signs off—Yours, as ever, Pat.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

No common forger tries his hand at banknotes says STUART MARTIN, but the real skill in forgery lies not so much in making notes as in placing them and this is governed by well-tried rules

COP TALKED SHIPS WHILE FORGER WORKED

THIS time let us have a look moreover, even the lesser at crime from a new angle. agents must not know the man I am going to take you, with who was the key to the situation.

Policeman Collyer, right into a tont. A bad forgery has always a better chance of success on the Continent than in Britain, so the police generally guess when forged banknotes crop up, that they are passed into circulation outside this country. But

Towards the end of 1904 the Bank of England Governors were uneasy. So were the police. The reason was that a number of forged £5 Bank of England notes were getting into circulation. Mostly they were coming from the Continent—just as the Nazis are credited with trying to upset currency since 1939.

Now, no common forger tries his hand at banknotes. I once knew a criminal who could split a fiver so cleverly that he was offered money to give his secret away; but he kept it. Even the notorious Jim the Penman, father of forgers, did not forge banknotes. He forged cheques; but he laid down the rules for disposing of forgeries which are accepted by forgers to this day.

One of the main principles was that the forger must never attempt to pass his handwork. There must be several agents between him and the person who accepts the forgery as genuine. The more agents, the better for the forger; and,

When it came to a question of price for the forgeries, Collyer hinted that he was prepared to pay fifteen shillings for every one. He wanted several.

Robinson, however, was wary. He explained that he was not working for himself and must consult "the boss."

About this point Collyer suddenly suggested that they go to some other pub. He had seen two crooks enter the bar at that moment, and both crooks knew him as a cop. By averting his face, Collyer got out unrecognised, and he and Robinson started a pub crawl, talking "business" all the time.

In one pub—they visited the Royal Standard, the Red Lion, the Dragon, and others—Robinson passed a forged note to Collyer under cover of a newspaper, and Collyer, fingering it, knew it was the kind of note he was after. Robinson told him it could be easily changed abroad.

Just then there entered the pub a man whom Robinson whispered was "the boss." And that was how Collyer got into touch with Joseph Holloway.

More talk followed, Collyer telling Holloway that he could dispose of four or five. He paid Holloway 15s. for the fake and gave Robinson a shilling for himself; and so well did he get along with Holloway that the latter scribbled his address on a bit of paper and handed it over. The address was Victoria Street, Cooper's Gardens, Hackney.

When the trio separated Collyer went straight to Scotland Yard, where he handed over his fake note. Inspector Ottawa took the number of it, and the police set out to trace the real note from which this had been copied. They found it had been issued by a foreign money exchange to a Mr. Paquin, or Pearce, was shadowed, and seen to make contact with various people in the East End.

Now, just here I must make a distinction between forged banknotes and "lills."

A "lill" is the slang term for a Bank of Engraving note.

It was not illegal to make Bank of Engraving notes—they are worthless except as curiosities—but a man who carries them is generally suspected of being next door to a real note forger.

Having got the clue about

Paquin, the police authorities handed the case over to Inspector Ottawa; and he let Constable Collyer loose on the job.

Collyer had been in the Navy before he joined the police, and on December 22nd, 1904, he strolled into several public-houses in the East End, dressed as a merchant seaman, if you can call that a disguise.

He wanted to get into touch with a man named Herbert Robinson, who was said to be able to provide banknotes.

The two met in a bar, and after some conversation Collyer suggested that he could dispose of some fakes as he was due shortly on a voyage to the Mediterranean.

He had to convince Robinson that he was "all right," and he convinced him by talking about ships and the sea and ports.

(Continued on Page 3)

Home Town News

THE sunny climate of South Africa has been worth £500 to the Camborne Redruth Hospital.

Mr. G. H. Eddy, who in his youth left his native village of Tuckmill for a job in the army appointment at their Ply-Dominion, has just sent the mouth office, pointing out that hospital a cheque for that at this stage of the war his amount "as a thank offering work had eased up considerably, and suggesting that his residence in South Africa" salary should be reduced by half!

PARK-KEEPERS.

PLYMOUTH boys have no great love for park-keepers, judging from a recent competition at the Junior Tec, in which pupils were invited to solve "Bad Boy" problems.

One entrant advocated "Children's own parks with plenty of bushes for stalking and no musty old park-keepers."

The lads ruled that in order to be tolerable park-keepers should be (a) young, (b) know them for their gift to the Field-something of First Aid, and Marshal of a lucky horseshoe, (c) possess a "peace-making decorated with flowers made of pre-war bread!"

"I don't feel my conscience will allow me to continue on the present basis," he wrote.

The writer, who held an executive post worth nearly £1,000 per annum, had his request granted, with a word of special

thanks for his noble gesture!

LUCKY. THE Misses Irvine Reid, of Torquay, received a letter

to be tolerable park-keepers should be (a) young, (b) know them for their gift to the Field-something of First Aid, and Marshal of a lucky horseshoe, (c) possess a "peace-making decorated with flowers made of pre-war bread!"



TREES WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF THIS ENGLAND

BEFORE the war, Britain spent between £60 and £80 millions a year on buying timber from other countries, and only supplied between four and five per cent. of her needs from her own forests.

War necessity has driven us to strip many hillsides of trees. Now steps are being taken to see not only that the lost trees are replaced, but that our forests are extended until they cover at least 5,000,000 acres, so that in the future we shall be far less dependent upon imported timber.

Since 1920 the Forestry Commission has been planting steadily in different parts of Britain. Some of the great plantations have been failures, but now the best types of trees for different soils and situations are known.

The face of the country is being changed by the creation of great new forests, which to-day contain only small trees, but in a com-

fering from years of grazing; and 130,000 acres of forest are being planted—a considerable undertaking, which will change not only the scenery but also the economy of a great area.

Where land is suitable for farming, mostly in the valleys, it is being left, while the forests rise on the hillsides. Shortage of labour during the war has restricted plantings, but many hundreds of men are employed.

After the war, when it is hoped to get going with the programme, it is estimated there will be 50,000 men permanently employed in forestry. For those who like an open-air life and are not afraid of loneliness it is an attractive life.

As the programme increases, forest communities will arise, complete with schools, shops, and other conveniences. One of these has already been established in the Forest of Ae in the Border country.

ACRE BY ACRE.

The Forestry Commission today has 1½ million acres, of which more than 300,000 acres are waiting to be planted. It hopes to acquire another 2,000,000 acres under a 50-year programme, and also to get control and co-operation with the 2,000,000 acres of privately owned forest. All this will mean little interference with agriculture, for most of the land "earmarked" is not suitable for cultivation of crops.

There has been a great planting in nurseries, and some 300,000,000 young trees are in various stages of growth. It will thus not be necessary after the war to wait for young trees.

Fortunately, we had a good



stock of many seeds at the beginning of the war, and quantities of Douglas pine and other seeds came from the U.S. and Canada.

The tree which does best on the moorlands is spruce. Scots pines and larches are also planted. Some people would like to see more planting of "hardwoods"—oak, chestnut, sycamore, ash and beech—arguing that, with our limited space, we should plant the most valuable trees.

Not all these trees are

suitable, however, for the comparatively poor land available, and there is the further point that we need wood quickly.

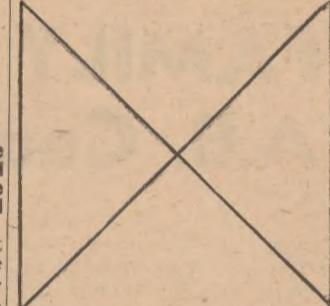
It takes "soft" trees about twenty years to reach the size for pit-props, one of the biggest items in our timber bill. They need sixty years to reach a good size for lumber. But hardwoods may require a hundred years and more to reach a really useful size.

Because tree-planting is

essentially an investment for

(Answer in No. 546.)

HOW MANY?



Add five straight lines to this figure and get a total of ten triangles instead of two. (The triangles may be of any size or shape.)

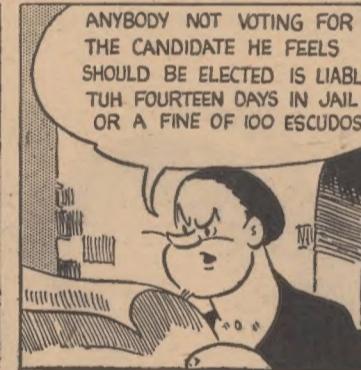
QUIZ for today

an intruder, and why? G, B, F, A, C, H, E, D.

Answers to Quiz in No. 544

1. Young cod.
2. Sir Francis Drake, 1580. (Sir Walter Raleigh brought his potatoes over in 1586.)
3. Back. A church faces east, at which end the altar is placed.
4. None. Formerly, beer contained hops, but ale didn't.
5. Your first. Your "surname" or added name, is really to distinguish you from others of the same first name, and is often simply your trade, or your father's trade. Thus: John (the) Baker, George (son of) the Tyler, and so on.
6. Gold is yellow; others
7. A spring is a double hinge, artesian well, bird trap, spring made of bamboo, sprayer?
8. In what country are matches normally given away for nothing by the tobacconist?
9. In what country was wallpaper first used?
10. Who invented central heating?
11. Who was the original "Nosey Parker"?
12. Which of the following is are (more or less) white.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



UNABLE to penetrate the "defences" of neighbouring farms, hungry foxes are now raiding poultry from pens at the back of the main streets of Southend and Westcliff, Essex, and have snatched ducks and fancy birds in the public parks.

A policeman killed one fox with his truncheon after chasing it into the backyard of a shop.

Can only hope the wartime black-marketeers get similar treatment.

THERE was a dense fog, and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice. "This ere's a lighthouse."

the future, many thoughtful people believe we should have a law that no tree can be cut down without another being planted to replace it.

FUTURE FORESTS.

Trees play a very important part in the conservation of the soil, chiefly through their roots retaining soil and moisture on the upper slopes. America has had to pay in hundreds of millions of pounds for the mistakes made in stripping her hillsides. The soil was washed away; barren lands and devastating floods resulted. Trees also play an important part in acting as wind-breaks, giving tender crops a chance to grow in the spring. Agriculture and forestry are thus complementary.

In fifty years Britain will not only be getting dividends on her investment to the tune of millions of pounds a year, but will also have many large forests of from 20,000 to 100,000 acres in different parts of the country, adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

HOW MANY?

WANGLING WORDS

COP TALKED SHIPS WHILE FORGER WORKED

(Continued from Page 1) man's rules. It was his pride in his craftsmanship that now and then to see things.

SURELY THERE NEVER WAS such a situation, such an amazing scene—a policeman sitting chatting to a forger he was trailing, and the forger showing him how the job was done!

It was finished, and the evidence was complete. On December 30th the police burst into the house, took possession of all the material, arrested Mrs. Holloway, and left.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when he went into the house. It was midnight when he left; but in that time he had seen the process and had all the evidence for the later raid.

First Holloway erected an easel on a table. Then he took a frame with a piece of glass in it and a piece of white paper. He placed a genuine £5 note—given him by Collyer—on top of the glass, under the paper, fixed a lamp so that the light shone on the frame, and then he began to pencil-in the tracing.

It was a long job. Collyer sat in court when P.C. Collyer smoking his pipe, chatting with gave evidence.

The same morning Holloway was arrested in the road. And strolled into a bar in Holborn, tapped a man on the shoulder, and asked him to come out.

That was how Robinson was picked up. It was a sad New Year's Day for the forgers!

The trial took place in February at the Old Bailey, and there was more than one laugh

Counsel for the defence went over the pub crawls in detail.

"What did you have to drink in these pubs?" he asked.

"Usually rum," replied the constable.

"Were they stiff glasses?" "Oh, no, half-quarters!" "How many pubs did you visit?"

"Three or four or five."

"And when you met Holloway?"

"Then we had some rum."

"And after that?"

"We went to the Red Lion again."

"More rum?"

"No, pint of beer."

But when they reached the Horns the cop had to admit that he didn't remember how many drinks they had there, so counsel slammed his trump card.

"I suppose you were incapable of counting by that time?"

"Here," expostulated Collyer indignantly, "you're trying to make me a drunkard!"

Well, Collyer had been in the on another charge, and got Navy, so the point didn't carry what was coming to him, too.

as counsel expected. The two men in the dock were found guilty. Both Robinson and Holloway got five years' penal. Mrs. Holloway was let off on a technical point.

And Mr. Paquin, alias Pearce? The police had him shadowed all the time. A detective was following him through Piccadilly Circus on the afternoon when the newspapers billed the arrests.

Paquin, or Pearce, looked at the placards, swung round, and made for Hackney. That night he took the train to the Continent; and the police let him go because they hadn't all the evidence they wanted against him. But they warned the French Sureté of his movement.

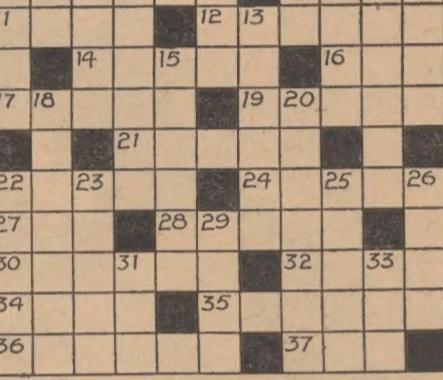
He was picked up in France

10	11	4
22	14	16
8	15	23

HERE is a variation of the figure-square problem. In the block of nine numbers above, 10 and 14 are in their right places, but all the others need shifting, so that each file, across and down, total the same.

(Solution in No. 546.)

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Berry.
- 4 Food.
- 9 Discuss.
- 10 Tumult.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 12 Toy.
- 14 Customary.
- 16 Rank.
- 17 Big person.
- 19 Barons.
- 21 Perfect.
- 22 Clay rock.
- 24 Stop.
- 27 Young animal.
- 28 Fish.
- 30 Mischievous.
- 32 Wood.
- 34 Mineral.
- 35 Ethics.
- 36 Derisive smiles.
- 37 Poetry.

ASPIRE DUTY
WEM TWINE
HASP HOPING
INTERIM TUN
M TICAMERA
SCRUB NODES
ERASER N H
LEG VISIBLE
FALLEN TOAD
SAILS SOLD
FEND EGRESS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Border.
- 2 Concerning.
- 3 Festive drinking.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Skill.
- 6 Saltpetre.
- 7 Southern girl.
- 8 Summers long.
- 9 Silly.
- 10 Wool fabric.
- 15 Cricket lobs.
- 16 Cruel.
- 17 Sort of plate.
- 22 Spade lengths.
- 23 Fruit.
- 25 In front.
- 26 Big deer.
- 28 Electrical units.
- 31 Confection.
- 33 Drink.

CROSSWORD CORNER

ANN SAVAGE To-day's Star

ANN SAVAGE admits that the Muse didn't strike her until the ripe old age of 18, but when it did, Ann did something about it. One year later, at 19, a talent scout saw her in a Reinhardt Workshop performance of "Golden Boy," and in just about the time it took to remove her make-up Ann was signed to a long-term contract at Columbia Pictures.

Ann was born in Columbia, S.C., of French-Irish descent, and went to school in New Orleans, Atlanta and Los Angeles. She is a graduate of the Markin Professional School in Los Angeles. Her best subjects at school were English, history and arithmetic, and her extra-scholastic activities were principally sports.

Ann's family has been in the jewellery business for generations, and her one ambition as a child was to be a jewellery buyer, like her mother. But when the acting bug bit her, she forgot all about other ambitions. She went to the Reinhardt School and asked if she could work her way through in exchange for tuition. She did all kinds of office work at the school, helped out with all sorts of chores, and even took dictation, although she knew no shorthand. She used trick abbreviations, she says.

Her first appearance was in the part that won her movie contract, Lorna in "Golden Boy," in 1941. After that came parts in "Lost Horizon," "Two on an Island," "Bill of Divorcement," and "Dulcy."

She likes sophisticated comedy best, and says she's been greatly influenced by the work of Tallulah Bankhead, Greer Garson and Joan Crawford.

She rides, plays tennis, likes bowling, and plays more than a duffer's game of golf.

The first money she ever earned was as a bowling clerk at a recreation centre, and later she taught bowling there.

She likes Flash Gordon, theatrical columnists, and Ernest Hemingway.

Ann shares an apartment with her mother, and when she isn't working or reading, she plays the piano. She says modestly that her cooking's only fair. Her favourite dish is pizza, an Italian pie made with anchovies, cheese and tomatoes.

In the way of clothes and accessories, her taste runs towards the extreme, though she says her present wardrobe is rather modest.

Ann's first movie assignment is a role in Columbia's "One Dangerous Night," with Warren William and Marguerite Chapman.

Dick Gordon

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH

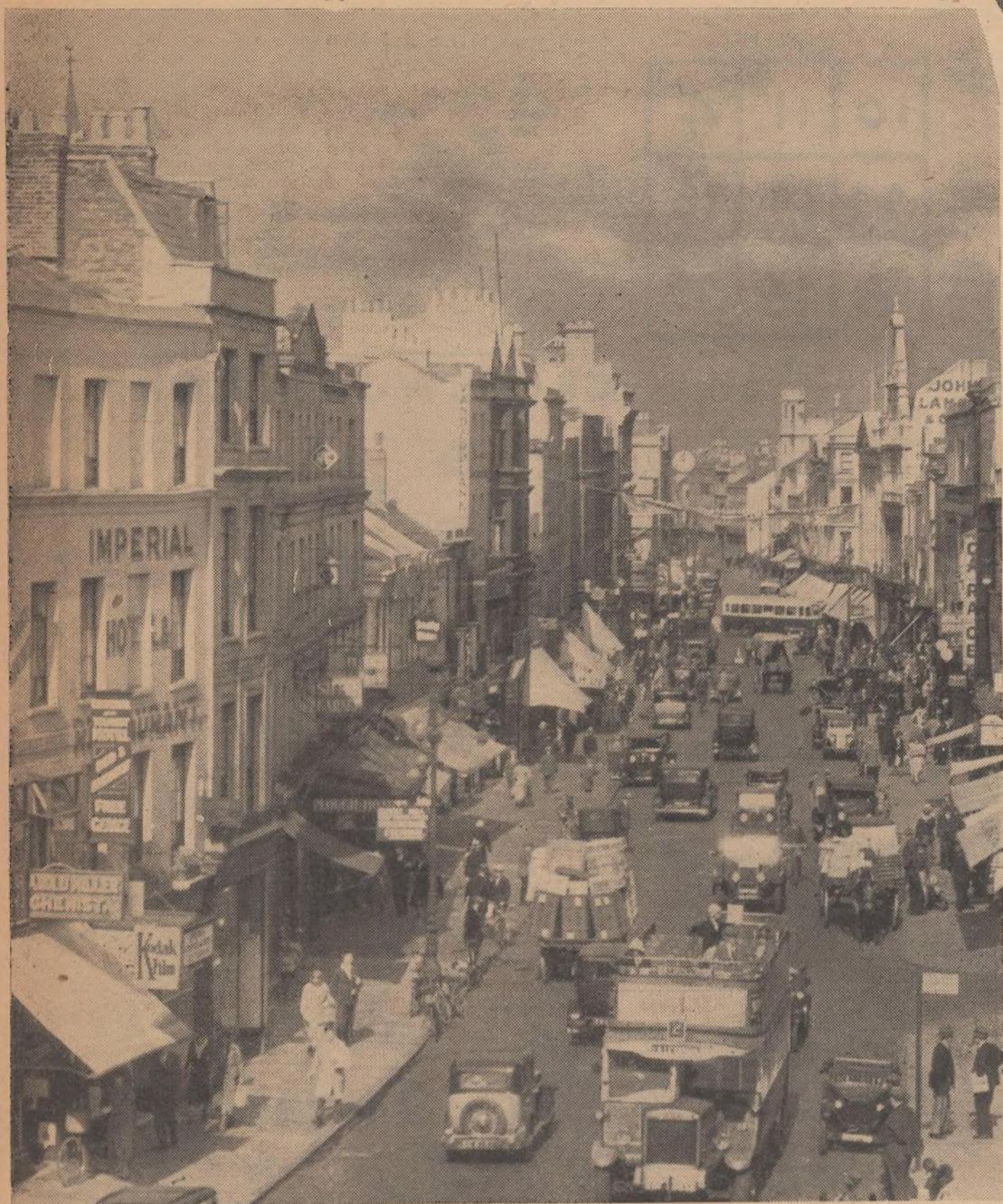


JUST JAKE

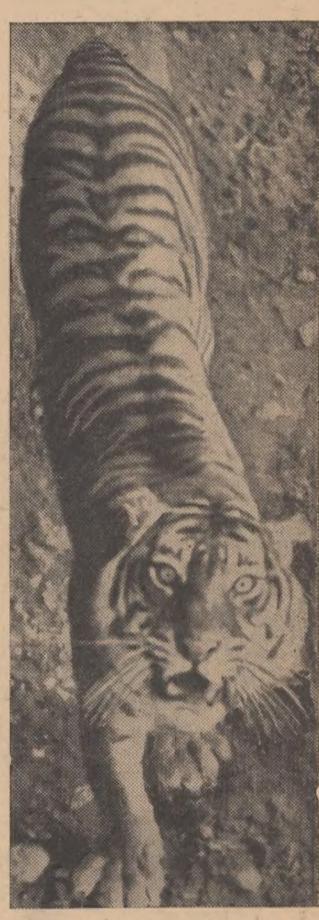


Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. This is how High Street, Cheltenham, looked one Spring morning before the war. And we guess this is how it will look again on another Spring morning when peace has returned.



ANCHORED !



PIN-UP GIRL BECOMES NO. 1 PASTE-DOWN GIRL !

Sailors found that any picture of Columbia's Rita Hayworth had a habit of disappearing into the officers' mess. So now they fix her so she'll stick !



COO, LOOK . . . SUCKERS !

This is what happens when the village shop gets its sweet quota in for the month ! Bulls'-eyes, gob-stoppers, hundreds and thousands n'everything !



Sinister Jap ally, Siamese cat, shadowed by bold British bull-terrier pup.

Where's Harry Roy ? He'll "hold this tiger"—if anyone can.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yah ! Dirty Fascist cat."